

# Elton John, Ballad Of A Well-Known Gun

I pulled out my Stage Coach Times  
And I read the latest news  
I tapped my feet in dumb surprise  
And of course I saw they knew  
The Pinkertons pulled out my bags  
And asked me for my name  
I stuttered out my answer  
And hung my head in shame

Now they've found me  
At last they've found me  
It's hard to run  
From a starving family  
Now they've found me  
Well I won't run  
I'm tired of hearing  
There goes a well-known gun

Now I've seen this chain gang  
Lord I say let me see my priest  
I couldn't have faced your desert sand  
Old burning brown backed beast  
The poor house they hit me for my kin  
And claimed my crumbling walls  
Now I know how Reno felt  
When he ran from the law

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Lord I say now they've found me  
At last they've found me  
It's hard to run  
From a starving family  
Now they've found me  
I won't run  
I'm tired of hearing  
There goes a well-known gun